MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 6.

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YERIFIED.

PHIL SHERIDAN DEAD.

So poor PHIL SHERIDAN is dead. A brave soldier, a sincere friend, a genial companion, a pure patriot, has passed into the unknown land, and a sorrowing nation mourns its loss. One by one the heroes of the war are disappearing from the scene, and it will not be many years before the names of all the great captains of the Union army will have become historic memories,

As death does its work it serves to show no how far we are getting from the days when the country was torn by angry passions and subjected to the horrors of war. As grave after grave closes over our patriot soldiers the memories of those days become softened and the people learn to prize more dearly than ever the blessings of peace and fraternal

Even more than the great leader GRANT, or then any other of our dead heroes, PHII SHERIDAN was close to the hearts of the people. His death, although not unexpected will come home to millions of his country men, North and South, and will everywhere occasion a touching and sincere regret.

THE BOBTAIL CAR CASES.

The proceedings in court to-day show that Coroner MESSEMER is resolved that the bob tail car companies shall be held to full accountability for the deaths caused by the system they have adopted of compelling the drivers of their cars to do the work of conductors. The Coroner intends to push the ceeds in fixing the responsibility where it belongs, not on the overworked drivers, but on those who control the corporations and unhold the dangerous system, he will do a valuable service to the community.

The production of the records of the killings and mainings on the Twenty-third street line, it is pleaded, will "tend to criminate" the manager held for manslaughter by Coroner MESSEMER. What an admission this is! The officers of the company dare not produce their official account of accidents on the road, because it will prove them to have been guilty of maintaining a system which is a deadly peril to our citzens.

Let the work of investigation go on until the punishment of those who are really responsible for the fatal accidents and the cruel mainings on the bobtail car lines serves to put a stop to the dangerous public nuisan ce.

KEEP THE PEACE.

The drivers and conductors of the Greenpoint street railroad lines may have good cause for complaint against the companies by which they are employed. As a rule the men do not receive much consideration at the hands of the railroad corporations, and even the concessions made to them are too often subsequently evaded. Everybody understands how easy it is for managers of a road to invent some excuse for getting rid of employees who evince a disposition to stand up for their own and their fellow-workmen's rights.

But under any circumstances the men who have left their work have no excuse for breaking the laws, and causing riot and the destruction of property. The moment they do so they put themselves in conflict with the authorities and forfeit public sympathy. The police are bound to preserve the peace, and it is their plain duty to do so at any cost, The best thing the Greenpoint strikers can do is to keep within the law, and trust to the sympathy of other workmen to peaceably coerce the companies into yielding so much of their demands as may be reasonable and

Angust bids fair to be a valuable friend to "summer resorts." Yesterday Long Branch was crowded with visitors and all the leading hotels were packed with guests. ands enjoyed the cool embraces of the surf, and from end to end the

shore was lined with bathers all the THE JOLLY SUMMER JOKER. afternoon. At the West End, which, standing on the point, is sure to catch all the breeze there is, from whatever direction it may come, the new pavilions opposite the ocean were the great attraction, and people flocked from the hotels further back from the shore to enjoy the refreshing air. A late season is expected.

It is too early and too hot for politics. The only Protection one ought to care about now s protection from the hot rays of the sun, and the only Free Trade to be desired is a free trade in cool sea or mountain breezes. If Mr. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, a colored supporter, although not a relative of the Republican candidate, and Mr. WILLIAM BAR-NETT, a CLEVELAND advocate, both of Newark, had remembered this yesterday, Mr. BARNETT's friends would not now be preparing for his funeral, and Mr. HARRISON would not be in peril of the gallows for having stabbed Mr. BARNETT to death in a political dispute.

Come, Messrs. Park Commissioners, bring out your official crowbars and force open the gates of Stuyvesant Park. We know that your intentions are good, and that you desire to please, accommodate and benefit the people. But do not suffer the exclusive cranks and hogs who want to keep the park gates closed against the working people to induce you to delay the opening of the gates. Think of the hot evenings and of the comfort the poor toilers of the neighborhood would take n the park if they were allowed to enjoy its walks and benches until 10 at night.

The fog on the bay this morning was so dense that the steamers from Long Branch and other points were obliged to feel their way, and were of course considerably delayed. The steamers Monmouth and Cape Charles, of the New Jersey Southern line. came very near a collision, despite the caution and skill with which they were handled.

If the weather is as hot in Kansas as it is in New York the war that is raging there over the quarrels of a lot of miserable land speculators ought to be postponed at least until the winter.

People are already asking whether the BLAINE procession is to be another Belshaz-EAR's feast,

TABLE DELICACIES.

Ecis, 18 cents. Halibut, 18 cents. Celery, 15 cents a bunch. Apricote, 40 cents a quert. Soft-shell crabs, \$1 a dozen. String beans, 5 cents a quart. Grapes, 20 to 80 cents a pound. Raspberries, 6 to 9 cents a box. Egs plant, 5 cents; large, 15 cents. Spanish mackerel, 15 cents a pound, Asserted fruit, \$1 and \$1.25 a basket. Whortleberries, 18 and 15 cents a box. Pears, 40 cents a dozen; large, 60 cents. Blackberries, 6 cents; best, 18 and 15 cents. Muskmelons, 8 cents; large, 15 to 30 cents. Plums, 25 cents a dozen; large, 40 to 50 cents. Sweet potatoes, 30 cents a peck; best, 60 cents Peaches, 50 cents a dozen; large, 75 cents; Dela wares, 15 cents a quart.

TO A QUARTET OF STATEN ISLAND MOSQUITOES,

Away, you notey, whispering things! You persevering skeeters! Have you naught else to do but bush And sting poor human creeters ?

If you're designed to suck man's blood And make him mosn and mumble, I wish yourselves and all your race Would soon decay and crumble

For surely we poor mortal worms Have ills enough to try us, Without a swarm of buzzing pests

You fly about and turn your tongues To what you think is singin'! But, oh! 'tis like the practling talk Of gossipy old women.

Improve your voices, train your ears. And learn to sing in numbers ! You then may not unstring our nerves, And spoil our peaceful slumbers

But pardon me if I am harsh And do you an injustice; Who knows but what you're made to serve Some wise and useful purpose ?

It may be that our flesh and blood Are but your daily rations. And you are simply instruments To teach us what is patience!

Perchance your unharmonious strains Act likewise as a blessin'. By giving those who try to sing A good and powerful lesson t

J. T. BRODERICK, Elm Park, S. I.

Se Pare All Who Make Us Late. Car 229 of the Third avenue line reached Twenty eighth street at 7.50 this morning, when a sharp oit was felt by the passengers and a coal cart cam

joit was lest by the passengers and a cost care came in collision with it.

Both drivers, instead of going about to release the block, stood wranging as to which of them was to blame, until there was a row of nearly a dozen cars back of the dameged one. The cardiver called an officer to arrest the coal-card driver, but the policeman took both to the station-house. house...
This occasioned further delay to the passengers, who reached their work half an hour late.

At Gotham's Big Hotels Joseph T. Torreace, of Chicago, is at the

R. J. Gunning, of Chicago, and Geo. C. Gordon, of Atlants, Ga., are at the Hotel Bartholdi. Bir Alfred Sherlock Gooch, of London, and Benj. Grais, of St. Louis, are at the Hoffman House. Major J. B. Campbell, U. S. A., and Philip H.

John H. Camp, of Lyons, N. Y., and C. C. Starin, of Pontiac, Ill., have rooms at the Pifts

Arrivals at the Astor this morning include L. L. Filden, Atlantic, Ia., and Edward Small, of Saltimore.

At the Sturtevant Honse are A. J. Libby, Omaha, Neh.; F. W. Merriam, of Waverly, N. Y., and S. A. Crumo, of Macon, Ga. Otto Young, one of the large wholesale jeweller of Chicago, and George A. Mercer, of Savannah, Ga., are at the Gilsey House.

The Count de Aguda, of Paris; R. S. Brookings, of St. Letis, and J. Keen, one of the bankers of Chicago, are regulared at the Hotel Brunswick.

The St. James Hotel's late arrivals include F. T. Moulton, of Buffalo; "heo. B. Myers, of st. Paul; Col. A. J. Wickes, of the Pullman Car Company, Chicago, and James Martin, of Philadelphia.

Seventy-five Hours on the Truck. A seventy-five-hour-go-as-you-please race is to begin at Troy on Wednesday. Among the entries begin as Troy on Trank flart, George Cartwright, "Old Sport" Campana, Alfred Elson, Sam Day, William Hoogiand and Billy Mack.

AUGUST DOG DAYS BRIGHTENED BY THE WOULD-BE HUMORISTS.

A Few Sample Snickerettes Gleaned from an Immense Wall-The Contest Growing More Interesting from Day to Day-Nation-Wide Fame Awalts the Saccessful



Not Very Bad.

Twins Jobs Editor of The Evenine World:
Two gentlemen were in conversation.
First Gentleman—My father gave me \$2,000
for every new language I learned. How
much do you think he gave me?
Second Gentleman (who found his friend's
knowledge of English rather limited)—I
think you owe your father \$2,000.

CLAUDE DUVAL, 88 West Twenty-sixth street.

A Thermometer No Use to Her. To the Jake Editor of the Evening World;

Doctor (after giving some instructions to the lady of the house about the baby, turns towards Bridget)—Now, Bridget, be careful not to make a mis ake with the thermometer

not to make a mis ake with the thermometer while bathing the baby.

Bridget.—What good is the themometer whin I know all about bathin' babies without it? Ef the baby gits red the water is too hot, an' of the baby gits blue the water is too cold.

H. S., 568 Lexington avenue.

Good for a Youngster.

To the John Editor of the Franing World:
Here is my little boy's joke: Some one told him that when it was day with us it was night in China; he thought that was very improbable and sat thinking about it for some time. Suddenly his face beamed as he exclaimed.

Now I know for one day you took me uptown and we passed a Chinese laundry, and the Chinamen were ironing with their night-gowns on." J. C. W., 365 Fifth avenue.

More Punning

The the John Editor of The Essening World;
Why should the Brooklyn Bridge be called the bridge of sights (size)? Because it has a grip of Pain in either side. Coopen,
80 Clinton avenue.

Ponder a While Over this Joke.

To the John Editor of The Eccation World:
With simply a five-cent glass of beer before me. I have often startled a number of sympathizing friends by my extemporaneous jokes, convulsing them (the friends) with

jokes, convulsing them (the friends) with laughter (after explaining the point).

But with a twenty-five dollar bill nigh me, I am sure I could perpetrate such a joke that it would be even whirlled by The Evening World of the uttermost ends of Coney Island, via fast male hand car.

I wish L were the prize, instead of XXV, as I think I would get it for the following:

She—William, I wonder what makes the Croton water so muddy?

He—Well, my dear, I suppose the great number of Irishmen working on the Aqueduct is the reason it's O'Reilly.

New York, Aug. 4.

Joz Kern.

Longfellow Told How to Shoot. Longfellow Told How to Shoot.

Forthe John Ection of The Erening World:

Bertie and Arthur were arguing about the
way to hold a pistol, and Bertie said: "You
must hold it above your head."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Arthur, "I know.
You must hold it in front of you."

Bertie replied: "No you don't; why,
don't Longfellow say 'Aim high!"

C. Isen, 303 Fourteenth street, Brooklyn.

Country Lad's Retor

To the Jobs Editor of The Evening World:
At a late revival meeting the Rev. W—
ever zealous and active in saving souls, apaproached a sulky-looking but cute country
lad named Sam Wilkins, whom he exhorted most anxiously to accept religion, turn from his evil ways and become a better man.

"But, Parson." said Sam, "I am as good as I want to be."

"Oh, Sam, how can you say that?"

"Well, I be, Parson, ain't you?"

"No. Sam."
"Well, who's fault may that be, Parson?
Sam was not exhorted any more.
Hanny Moone,
Hanny Moone,
Hanny Moone, 2621 West Twenty-fourth street, Ne

Sure It Wasn't a Chestnut Tree. To the Joke Etitor of the Evening World:
When on the way to her new home little Aggie was told that there was a cherry tree in the garden.
On reaching the house and seeing it in

On reaching the house and seeing it in blessom she gazed at it intently a few mo-ments and then said:
"Mamma, they didn't tell you right about that tree. It's got little white things with green underneath them. I think it must be

cauliflower tree."
This is true.
303 Fourteenth street, Brooklyn.

Conditions of the Conte-Following are the conditions of THE EVEN-ING WORLD'S joke contest: It is open to everybody-men, women and children. Any person can submit one or as many jokes as desired. The decision, however, will be made on the merits of the best joke in the

Collection.
The okes must be original, that is to say they shall not have previously appeared in print to the knowledge of the competitor. Each joke must be written on one side of a sheet of paper, or it two or more sheets are required, they must be neatly secured to-gether. Each joke must beer the name of the competitor and the date on which it was

sent.

The jokes may consist of from one word to 200. The latter limit must not be exceeded and competitors should bear in mind that brevity is often "the soul of wit." A joke of a few lines, if first class, will stand as good a chance of winning the prize as one of twenty lines.

The prize will be \$25 for the best joke submitted. Bill Nye will; read all jokes sent in, and will in his ripe judgment determine the winner. Some of the jokes will be published from time to time, but the publication or non-publication of a joke will have no bearing upon the final decision. A joke may be published and yet finally ruled out because it

ing upon the final decision. A joke may be published and yet finally ruled out because it may be a "chestaut."

The Evening Womin cannot undertake to acknowledge the receipt of all jokes sent in other than that the publication will of course be an acknowledgment. Great care, however, will be taken to preserve all jokes received, and to see that judgment is passed upon them by Mr. Nye.

by Mr. Nye.

It has not yet been determined when the contest will close. That will depend upon the degree of interest around by the contest. But it will be well for competitors to send in their jokes at once, as in the case of two jokes of equal merit, priority of receipt would determine the prize winner.

TWAS CAPT. REILLY'S NIGHT OFF. And Billy Florence's Little Joke Was

A well-dressed man, announcing himself as a private detective, entered the Nineteenth Precinct Station-House Saturday evening arm-in-arm with a portly gentleman in fashionable attire, with silver-gray hair, mus tache and goatee. The detective addressed Sergt. Sheldon and Sergt. Schmittburger as

"The man I have with me is Randolph Hastings, the noted Chicago confidence man He has been trying to do some crooked work at the Hoffman riouse and I caught him in the act. Ed Stokes will be here presently to make a charge against him." Sergt, Sheldon led the portly man into Capt. Reilly's office, where a crowd of re-porters waited.

Sergt, Sheldon led the portly man into Capt. Heilly's office, where a crowd of reporters waited.

Hastings had sat in the private office fully a half hour when Detective Edward Brett entered the station, and Schmittburger asked him if he could identify Randolph Hastings, and Brett said he could if he saw him.

Brett entered the room and immediately upon seeing the prisoner rushed up to him with extended hand and exclaimed:

"Hello, Billy, old boy; how is things?"
The two men shook hands heartily and, locking arms, left the room, passed out of the station-house, entered the hansom and drove away, chatting and laughing as they did so.
Twenty minutes or so elapsed and the hansom came back and Hastings alighted alone and entered the station-house. He had a lighted eigar in his mouth, and when he sat himself down in the chair he had a few minutes before vacated he looked the very height of comfort.

Mr. Stokes did not arrive, and the sergeants became impatient and went into the room to see what the private detective had to say about the matter. When they did so they found only Hastings there, and he surprised them more than ever by handing each of them a big cigar.

"Where's the private detective?" asked Schmittburger.

"Don't know," said Hastings.

"Where's the private detective?" asked Schmittburger.
"Don't know," said Hastings.
"Where's Brett?" said Sheldon,
"Don't know," said Hastings.
"Say," said Schmittburger, "there's something very strange about your case; how is it that the man who arrested you goes away and leaves you here alone, and that Brett takes you out into the street and leaves you, and that you voluntarily return here?"
"Cau't say," said Hastings.
"Why is it that Stokes isn't here," asked Sheldon

Sheldon Don't know."

And thus the two sergeants went on trying to get the strange prisoner to tell something about his case. But they did not succeed, and both left the room and locked the door

and both left the room and social the after them.

Brett was in the main part of the station when they left the prisoner's side, and they hastened to his side and demanded an explanation.

"Why, that's not Hastings, the confidence man," said he; that's Billy Florence, the

man," said he: that's Billy Florence, the actor. What are you two trying to play on me—a midsummer joke?"

Just how Mr. Florence had been brought in as a confidence man was not learned, but in as a confidence man was not learned, bu it was afterwards intimated that the whol thing was intended as a joke on Capt. Reilly.
Mr. Stokes's non-appearance and the sudden and mysterious exit of the "private detectives" seems to confirm that belief. It was the Captain's night off and the joke fell through.

READY TO WELCOME BLAINE.

The Programme for His Reception a Very Formidable Affair, Indeed.

The programme for the reception to James G. Blaine on his arrival from Europe Wednesday, is a formidable affair. The steamer City of New York, on which Mr. Blaine and his family are voyaging, is expected to reach Quarantine in the early

morning.

The Associated Press signal men will announce the coming of the ship about three hours before she reaches Quarantine. It will be high water at 6.30 on Wednesday morning, and there should be no detention of the

and there should be no detention of the steamer.

The Starin steamboat Sam Sloan, which is capable of carrying 1,500 people, has been engaged by the Club's Reception Committee, and will lie at their disposal at Pier 18, North River in readmess for them.

She has been reserved for the Republican Club, National Committee officials of the National League, the Republican State and county committees and members of the Union League Club.

Among the invited guests will be Senator Evaris, ex. Senator Warner Miller, Levi P. Morton, Gov. Foraker, of Ohio, and Senator Quay.

abandoned, as suitable boats could not be obtained. But the Sam Sloan will take a reception party of about eight hundred prominent Republicans from all over the country, and as Mr. Blaine and family have been given the liberty of the port by the customs authorities they will undoubtedly be transferred immediately from the steamer to the Sam Sloan and brought up the bay. Where it will land its passengers is a secret and will not be told to any one.

This is to avoid a crowd at the pier. Mr. Blaine will be driven to the Fifth Avenue Hotel immediatly.

In the evening he will be serenaded by several organizations of workingmen, and it is hoped will make a speech.

On Thursday night the parade will take place. The head of the line will rest on Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, and will move down Fifth svenue and be reviewed by Mr. Blaine from a stand to be erected at the Worth monument.

Mr. Blaine from a stand to be erected at the Worth monument.

The divisions of parade will be known as the Pennsylvania, the New England, the Brooklyn Division, &c. .

Gen. Jackson will give the Pennsylvania Division the head of the line. It will be under command of Gen. C. H. T. Collis, and will include the Philadelphia Invincibles, 1,000 strong, under Col. W. B. Smith. There will be in this division delegations from the old American Club, the Pennsylvania Club and the Young Republican Club, of Philadelphia; the Americas Club, of Pittsburg. and the Lancaster Club, of Harrisburg.

Gen. John Ramsay will command the New Jersey division.

Gen. John Ramsay will command the New Jersey division.
Col. J. W. Jones will marshal the Brooklyn contingent of fifty clubs in four divisions, and President Foster, of the Republican National League, hopes to see 10,000 Leaguers in line.



Mr. Lynn Oleum (just entering)-What the deut

FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL.

DRIFT CAUGHT HERE AND THERE BY "EVENING WORLD" REPORTERS.

Good Marksmen Who Are Not Fond of Cat Are Wanted on an Uptown Block. The block surrounded by Forty-secon and Forty-third streets, Sixth avenue and Broadway, is infested with cats. There are tiger cats, white and black cats, Maltese

scription. There are good-sized gardens in the block and one cannot look into them without see ing cats by the half dozen walking around the fences and prowling around the back

cats, yellow cats and kittens of every de

doors.

Every one knows what this means to the people who live in the block. A reporter lives there, and he is only one of the many who have had their dreams mixed up by cat valls and calls.

On moonlight nights the rampage of the "cats on our back fence" is something ter-rible.

"cats on our back fence" is something terrible.

If one pokes his head out of his window and looks down into the back yard, he sees the heads of other people in their respective windows who join in wishing the festive howlers consigned to some place hotter than the Bowery fire.

Three sharp reports rang out the other night, and brought a score of happy faces to the windows. Every one had heard the wild, discordant screech just before the shots, and was ready to applaud the marksman if there was any sign that he had hit his mark.

He may have hit the cat, but unfortunately the result of his shot will never be definitely known. Several of the neighbors made a tour of inspection the following morning, and found where the bullet had pierced the fence near the ground, but no feline gore was discovered.

discovered.

It is almost safe to predict that the cats will have the territory to themselves ere long if the inhabitants do not organize themselves into a hunting party immediately.

The reporter can shoot some and is not afraid to lead a raid if he can enlist a score or more followers.

more followers. Saved from Hanging to Make Beds at Au

burn Prison. An EVENING WORLD reporter on his vace tion the other day visited Auburn, the city famed for "the model prison" and for the only asylum especially for insane criminals in the world.

During a trip through the prison with the affable Warden and Democratic war-horse, Charles F. Durston, the reporter's attention Charles F. Durston, the reporter's attention was called to a queer specimen of humanity, He was 6 feet tall and about six inches thick. His legs looked, in trousers of blue and white striped ticking, like the legs of an arm-chair incased in "protectors" while the family was away for the summer. His arms were loug and the sleeves of his pillow-casing jacket were as tight as a fashionable jersey

jacket were as tight as a fashionable jersey waist.

At the upper end of this "frame" was a small, round head, over-developed at the top, and with only a sample hair or two on it. These samples were fiery red, as was the full but awfully thin beard, which reached to the waisthand of the trousers.

"That is a character," said Warden Durston. "He is Jim King, of New York. Bixteen years ago he was sent to Sing Sing by Justice Daly for killing a man named O'Neii. He was afterwards transferred to this prison. "Both men were lawyers. King had a pretty wife and that summer she was at Newport. She became intimate with the other man and Jim sued for a divorce. A referee was appointed, and one day after the adjournment, and while the parties were leaving the building, King at the top of a staircase drew a revolver and shot O'Neil, who was at the bottom.

"King is a harmless fellow and he extern

bottom.

"King is a harmless fellow, and he acts as a waiter, or rather a sort of chambermaid, in the south wing of cells. He likes it. Feels his importance and is proud of it."

James C. King is the man whose life was saved by Capt. Bibly Ricketts, orier of the Court of Oyer and Terminer.

The jury had been out thirty-six hours, and had sent in no word to the Court. Justice

The jury had been out thirty-six hours, and had sent in no word to the Court. Justice Daly sent Capt. Ricketts to bring the jury before him for further instruction. Just as the Captain rapped on the jury-room door a ballot was being taken.

Eleven men had voted for conviction of murder in the first degree. The twelfth man, who had held out all along, was writing his ballot.

Evarts, ex. Senator Warner Miller, Levi P. Morton, Gov. Foraker, of Ohio, and Senator Quay.

The idea of having a naval parade has been abandoned, as suitable boats could not be obtained. But the Sam Sloan will take a reception party of about eight handred. for life.

The twelfth juror afterwards told Capt.
Rickett that his ballot would have agreed
with the others and King would have been
hanged but for the rap on the door.

Children Furnish Sweet Open-Air Concerts in Bryant Park. Music in Bryant Park nearly every evening

between 7.30 and 8.30. This is something new, Heretofore visitors to the park have found their evening lounge laden with no other melodies than those borne from some stray hand-organ in the vicinity, but now they are entertained by all the latest popular airs.

The music comes from a chorus of voices of little boys and girls not over twelve years

of little boys and girls not over twelve years old.

These youngsters assemble in the centre of the park, perch themselves on the back of a bench and sing away like birds. They have very sweet voices, too, and although they cannot sing any lower part than alto, the absence of the lase and tenor is made up by the novelty of the scene.

The little singers have an interested and entertained audience whenever they choose to give an open-air concert, and they enjoy themselves immensely.

The boys are sometimes a little too mischievous for the good of the music, but this only enhances the fun of both boys and girls and increases the interest of the older people.

The little ones are exceedingly happy and no one who watches them can dwell in low spirits.

"L" Road Guards Have a Hard Time With a Passenger Who Paid No Fare. A Second avenue downtown train on the elevated road had come to a standstill at Ninety-sixth street the other morning, when

Ninety-sixth street the other morning, when a little English sparrow, who had been indulging in one of the numerous street fights so common among the birds, took refuge from its enemies in the rear car.

The motion of the train as it started, alarmed the feathered pugilist, and it flew wildly around the car in search of some mode of egress, of which there were plenty, as the ventilators and doors were all open, notwithstanding which the bird acted much as a fly on a window-pane.

The guard observing the circus going on hastily ran over his table of rules and decided that the bird could be ejected on the grounds of disorderly conduct and also for non-payment of fare, and pulling his cap on tight he spat on his hands and prepared to carry out instructions.

A wild chase then began. The guard

spat on his hands and prepared to carry out instructions.

A wild chase then began. The guard stepped on the passengers toes, barked his shins against the seats and prayed with the soft redal down.

The Eighty-sixth street station was the signal for time to be called for the first round, and after shamming the gate in the face of a would-be passenger, the guard returned to the conflict. Another wild scramble was indulged in, and the bird was finally cornered, but the guard's smile of triumph was cut short as the sparrow slipped through his fingers and flew into the next car, where a passenger easily caught it and handed it to the guard to be ejected.

There was a smile on the hested face of the guard as he walked to the platform, and, with a turn of his wrist, threw the sparrow into the siz.

EIGHT HOURS IN OTHER CITIES.

Postmen Find the Law Easily Obeyed it Boston, Philadelphia and Brooklyn. At two large meetings, one held uptown and the other in Forsyth street, the lettercarriers yesterday denounced the course of

> dule so as to cause all the older postmen to labor from eleven to fourteen hours a day. The question was asked: "Why was the Eight-Hour law passed if it was not designed

> Postmaster Pearson in arranging the sche-

to give the postmen that number of hours as a working day?"

A delegate from the Philadelphia Letter-Carriers Association said that in his city Postmaster Harrity had so arranged the schedule that all the carriers in the business district do their work in sight consecutive district do their work in eight consecutive hours, and in the outside districts they have one short, swing, which is entirely satisfac-tory to all concerned and has given great re-lief to the men.

tory to all concerned and has given great relief to the men.

The same delegate said he had visited Boston, and Postmaster Corse assured him that the Boston carriers were on duty eight hours consecutively. At Portland, Lynn and Albany he found the Eight-Hour law in full force at the post-offices.

A delegate from Brooklyn reported that Postmaster Hendrix was doing all he could to fix upon a fair and equal time-table, which would give eight hours' work all around, and in a very short time it would be in force.

To further prove the truth of their assertions and the good reason for their complaints two letter-carriers to-day told an Ezzins Womlan reporter that one of them reports for duty in station G at 6.15 A. M. and works until 9; then he "swings" until 1.25 P. M., when he goes on his route again and continues until 4: then he swings again until 6.25, when he goes on duty and remains until 8.40, making a total stretch of work and swings of 14 hours and 25 minutes.

The color of the course was be goes on duty at

8.40, making a total stretch of work and swings of 14 hours and 25 minutes.

The other carrier says he goes on duty at 6.15 A. M. and labors until 9; awings until 11.25 and works until 2 P. M.; swings again until 4.25 and finishes the day at 6.25. A new man in the same station goes on at 7.15 a.m. and delivers mail until 11.40; then stamps letters for an hour in the office, and closes his labors by delivering mail from 3.40 to 6 'clock.

CARPENTERS IN CONVENTION.

New York Well Represented at the National Gathering in Detroit To-Day.

Delegates representing the United Order of American Corpenters and Joiners have gone to Detroit, Mich., to attend the convention of the Brotherhood of Carpenters, which meets in that city to-day.

The members of the party are Charles E. Owens, Thomas P. Glody and F. Quinn, representing New York; James H. Perry and Peter W. Birck, representing Kings County, and Peter E. Van Houten and James Ferdon, of the New Jersey district.

The most important work of the convention, and that in which the United Order of American Carrenters is particularly inter-

American Carpenters is particularly inter-ested in, is the ratification of the scheme of consolidation which will include the United Order and the Brotherhood. By the union of the two great organizations it is claimed that the benefits will be larger and more sub-stantial and the support stronger in all cases where combined action is required. The new organization will be known here-after as the United Brotherhood of Carpen-

WANTS LABOR ASSEMBLYMEN. The Central Labor Union Will Work for

Share in the Legislature. After a long discussion on the subject of taking political action, and the report of the committee who went to Albany to get the Conspiracy Law amended, the Central Labor Union, yesterday, at its meeting in Clarendon Hall, decided to take a hand in the campaign with special reference to the Legisla

ture.

Known friends of the cause of labor, re-Known friends of the cause of labor, regardless of party, are to be supported, and members of both the old parties who seek relection and have opposed labor measures are to meet with organized opposition. In districts where it is possible to succeed candidates will be nominated.

A committee of ton, including Edward Conklin, James P. Archibald, P. J. Kelly, John Morrison, Ludwig Jabl nowski, William Shakespeare, Edward Finkelstone, Henry Emerich and Isaac Wood, was appointed to formulate a plan of campaign and report on Thursday night.

THE HALVES OF 49.

Quinn Presided Over One and McGrath Over the Other, and There Was Peace. th factions of District 49 held mee

vesterday, the Quinn party at 98 Forsyth street and the Antis at Pythogoras Hall. Master Workman Quinn read a petition asking the President to remove Postmaster Pearson and the delegates were furnished with blank forms for the purpose of obtaining the signatures of the members of the organizations they represented. The same petition was put in circulation at the Pythagoras Hall meeting, where Worthy Foreman McGrath pracided.

McGrath presided.

No further hostilities were begun with relation to the possession of the hall property, both sides waiting for the decision of Judge O. Brien in the injunction case against Master Workman Quinn.

" BIG SIX" WILL PARADE.

The Boss Typographical Union Promises to Be in Line on Labor Day. At its monthly meeting in Clarendon Hall resterday Typographical Union No. 6 de cided to join in the Labor Day parade after listening to an earnest invitation from a com-mittee of the Central Labor Union headed by James P. Archibald, who acted as spokes-

man. Bayne's Sixty-ninth Regiment Band will be engaged for the occasion and efforts will be made to have as large a turnout as possible.

John Finn, of the *Graphic* chapel, was elected as Marshal for the parade.

The discussion of the revised constitution was laid over until the next regular meeting.

Among the Toiler Boston will have a big parade on Labor Day. The Ciothing Trades Section will meet to-night.

Typographical Union No. 93, of Brooklyn, meets
o-night.

The campaign badge industry at Attleboro Mass., has increased twofold since 1884. EGrand Marshal Sullivan is busy visiting all the labor organizations, orging them to come out in full force on Labor Day. With new exceptions the labor journals denounce the inaction of the Hepublican party managers with reference to the course of a certain city news-nance.

paper.

The Labor Day Committee wants all the sprinters, walkers, jumpers and other athletes to take part in its games at Prognix Park on Sept. 3. The Committee on Games can be seen on Thursday evening at 145 Eightn street.

Vacation

A good medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla is a valual A good medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla is a valuable thing to have with you when you are seeking rest and recuperation. It will aid nature in building up and strengthening the system, will purify the blood, cure typepsia, beedsche, billiousness, and put you in first-class conducton for return to business or household funies. Try it the vacation, and we believe you will be more than estimated with the result.

"Being run down from hard work I tried Hood's the use. I have great faith in it as a blood purifier and regulator." J. A. Shiyri, Commercial Bulletin Office, Boston, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla all druggists. 61; six for 85, Prepared only HOOD & CO., Apotheouries, Lowell, Mass.

BAD DAYS FOR THE BABIES.

THE TORRID SPELL BRINGS MUCH SICK-NESS IN ITS TRAIN.

The Evening World" Physician Finds Plenty of Work Among the Sweltering Tenements—Babies Sick Unto Death for Lack of Fresh Air-The Welcome Sound of the Scrubbing Brush in the Procincts of Cherry Street.

The hot August sun was beating in the curtainless windows of the top floor of a tenement on Roosevelt street Saturday, dithe head and form sick girl, who rectly on little there trying to catch a breath of air. The two scantily furnished rooms were so stifling that the hot winds which were occasionally wafted up from the court below were a walcome relief.

"I'm so tired o' bein' here, doctor. It's so hot, an' I can't see nuthin'." "Would you not like to take a sail.

Mary ?" asked the physician. Would she like it! Her face clearly indicated the delight that the stammering tongue and sightless eyes were unable to express. THE EVENING WORLD physician will see that

THE EVENING WORLD physician will see that her wish is gratified.

Two mothers with their babies were waiting at the street door for the physician. One said her "baby would not drink a sup o' milk, 'n couldn't the doctor give it some o' that baby's aitin' as comes in bottles."

A bottle of Mellin's food was presented to each mother for their "babies ailin'."

A number of other families were visited on Cherry street, between Oliver and Catherine streets.

streets.
The heat was intense in these big tenement.

The heat was intense in these big tenement-houses, and the physician and reporter were almost suffocated in their journeyings through the close rooms and halls.

Yet, in spite of the sultry atmosphere, many of the poor residents were making the best of their uncomfortable quarters and were seemingly happy and contented.

The sound of the scrubbing brush was to

be heard at nearly every landing, and as the dripping, perspiring women moved their pails so that The Evening World represent-

dripping, perspiring women moved their pails so that THE EVENING WORLD representatives could pass, it was always with some laughing comment on the state of the weather and their dishable costumes.

Several of the mothers with their little ones were waiting for their husbands to come home, intending, after supper, to adjourn to the river front for a brief season of rest and cool breezes as a pleasant ending to a toilsome, weary day.

A wee little black-eyed boy asked very prettily for a "yide on e bid boat," and his delighted "Bank you" at the receipt of tickets was very pleasant to hear.

In an Oliver street tenement two little brothers were very ill their sickness caused by the intense heat, which completely prostrated the little things.

The mother stood fanning the little sufferers as they lay side by side on the bed, her face and bare neck covered with moisture which exuded from every pore. The Eventure World Physician did what he could to relieve their condition by professional sidvice.

A Promising Artist.

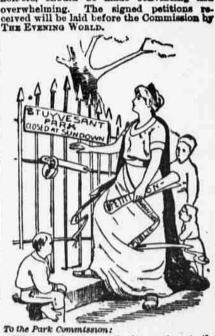


Artist-I will pay you soon as I sell my pl There are lots of people who would be giad to buy t if they only knew where I could be found. Landford—You'll be found on the street if you don't pay inside of three days.

Peace Reigns. There's peace in the church to-day; Love dwells in the congregation; "Its tree; for the choir is away Enjoying its summer vacation.

STUYVESANT PARK PETITION.

Are the People's." Let every public spirited citizen of New York sign the accompanying petition, cut it out and forward it to THE EVENING WORLD. The hearing before the Park Commissioners occurs next Wednesday, and the people's case, as against that of a few selfish propertypolders, should be made convincing and



To the Purk Commission:

Whereas, Stuyvesant Park was given to the people of New York by Peier G. Stuyvesant for their use exclusively as a Public Square; and whereas, a large proportion of our citizens, by reason of their daily toil, are unable to visit the park except in the evening, we, the undersigned citizens of New York, respectfully request that your Honorable Hoard take action at the earliest possible date for the opening of the gates until at least 10 r. M., and also that arrangements be made without delay for the proper lighting and policing of said park.

Signed: